Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the ſeas ſtomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe tis caulkt and bottomd, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſence.

2. *Gent.* A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarſe?

2. *Gen.* Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of ſtate, balmd and entreaſured
With full bags of ſpices, a Paſport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

Heere I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue loſt
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Beſides this treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. *Gent.* Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how freſh ſhe lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the ſea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſaid, well ſaid, the fire and cloathes,

The

The rough and wofull muſicke that we haue,
Cauſe it to ſound I beſeech you:
The Viall once more; how thou ſtirreſt thou blo
The muſicke there: I pray you giue her ayre;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her;
She hath not bene entranc'ſt aboue fiue houres,
See how ſhe gins to blow into lifes flower againe

1. *Gen.* The heauens through you, encreaſe ou
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hat
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt praiſed water doth app
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeem

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my
What world is this?

2. *Gent.* Is not this ſtrange?

1. *Gent.* Moſt rare.

Cer. Huſh (my gentle neighbour) lend me you
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen;
Now this matter muſt be lookt too, for the relap
Is mortall: come, come, and *Eſculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away. *Exeunt*

Enter Pericles at Tharſus, with Cleon and Dion

Per. Moſt honourd *Cleon*, I muſt needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* ſtands
In a peace: you and your Lady take from my hea
All thankfulneſſe, The Gods make vp the reſt vpo

Cleon. Your ſhakes of fortune, though they hau
Mortally, yet glance full wondringly on vs.

Dion. O your ſweete Queene! that the ſtrict fa
You had brought her hither to haue bleſt mine ei

Per. We cannot but obey the powers aboue vs